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Garter and Barter

by [Deminos](#)

Summary

In an attempt to pay back his father's debt, Merlin Emrys agrees to trade to Mafia Boss a very precious commodity: his virginity. Little did he know that Arthur Pendragon also had a certain kink for stockings, garter belts and bondage...

Notes

HAPPY BIRTHDAY ROCKN!!~~ It's just so nice that PB ties in with your birthday so two rocks with one stone.. Um.. two birds with one stone?

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

He looks so pretty, thinks Arthur with wry amusement as he watches the new bartender from afar.

It's unusual for the Le Fay establishment to be so quiet. Normally it would be infested with young women, fleetingly beautiful and men who drowned themselves in drink and sex in order to forget.

In the background a gorgeous, scantily dressed woman sings a mournful song. Not sad enough to make the customers weep, just enough to elusively travel through the establishment like a warm whisper or a lingering farewell kiss.

"Who is he?" asks Arthur before taking a sip of his neat double whiskey.

Morgana is sitting next to him, the emerald slip of her dress shimmering in the low sleazy lighting of the bar. It makes her hips look small, but her breasts look as if they'll spill over the hem the moment she takes a breath deep enough. "Do you find him appealing?" Her blood red lips curve into a knowing smile, sly and taunting like that of a fox. "He's new."

Arthur watches the way the man moves, the gawky movement of gangly arms and legs working together to create a strangely fluid elegance. Even his ears, overly large as they are, look biteable.

With the bar so empty, all the lad does is mindlessly stare at the bench, wiping it down with a worn out rag. "Name?" For once he's glad at his sister owns this establishment.

"Merlin Emrys," supplies Morgana. She inhales the cigarette, the slim holder held between silk-clad fingers. When she exhales the smoke tendrils crawl upwards, veiling forest-hued eyes. "Attempting to pay off his father's debt. Such a sweet thang."

"I want him." Arthur's sure, because even without having to see the rest of him he knows that Merlin is perfect.

"I'm sure that can be arranged," purrs Morgana, "considering that his debt is with us." She's always been that type of older sister, quick to spoil and quick to punish.

"Set up a meeting first," cautions Arthur. While this might seem to be something of a dream come true, he's realistic and practical enough to know better. He wants a taste, an inspection of sorts, before he fully commits.

Morgana rolls her eyes. "The things I do for you, little brother."

Merlin's nervous. The sensation of something wrong is roiling within the pit of his belly as he stands across from the man that practically owns him.

Arthur Pendragon isn't as old as Merlin originally imagined, but it doesn't make him any less intimidating. He sits behind the lavishly large oak desk surrounded by opulence.

Streaks of light struggle to seep through the drapes that cover the window. It casts a shadow on the mob boss' face, making the square of his jaw more sharp and the glint of his blue eyes seem dangerous and cold.

"I'm... I'm Merlin," he says because he can't think of anything else to say. It's already hard to speak. Every time he opens his mouth he feels as if he wants to retch.

In a sudden movement, Pendragon swings his arm back to pull the drapes aside. The flood of light is shocking and abrupt, almost like a slap to the face.

Merlin notes that Arthur's hair is straw blond and his smirk is cocky and arrogant.

"*Merlin*," drawls Arthur, ending Merlin's name in a clipped harsh tone. "Do you know why you're here?"

He hates feeling this way, so unsure, as if the ground beneath his feet isn't even solid and any careless move will end with him sleeping with the fishes or stuffed into a body bag. "No, Ms. Le

Fay sent me,” he utters, attempting to remain calm, hating the fact that his voice quavers at the last second.

“Your father owes me seventy-five thousand dollars, Emrys.” Arthur’s shirt and vest stretches over his broad chest as he reaches for a slim Cuban cigar. Slipping it between his lips, he lights up with a zippo. “That’s quite a lot of money.”

Wisps of smoke coyly drift upwards as the rich scent of tobacco fills the space between them.

“You shouldn’t have lent him all that money then!” snaps Merlin. He realises what he’s said a second later and it’s too late to suck the words back in.

Surprisingly, Arthur just snorts. “Are you daft? It’s as if you don’t know how this works. We lend money and either you pay it off or you don’t and face the repercussions.”

Merlin doesn’t say anything for a moment, the anxiety of before waning away to make room for a steady, frothing annoyance. “I’m paying it off, aren’t I?”

“Hardly,” Arthur pulls out a leather bound book from one of the drawers, flipping through the worn pages until he reaches what he’s looking for. “You’re barely paying off the interest.”

Merlin clenches his fist. “I’m working every moment that I can. What more do you want from me?”

“Technically, it’s not even your debt to pay.” Arthur sits back, leaning against the high back of the chair as he taps his cigar against the ashtray. “It’s your father’s debt, isn’t it? Balinor Emrys. Where is he now?”

“He’s gone.” At that Merlin falters, shoulders drooping. He can’t keep his voice from cracking or the hot tears that gather at the corner of his eyes, threatening to spill over. “He’s not coming back.”

Something unreadable flickers in Arthur’s eyes. He stands up, fingers dragging along the smooth surface of the desk as he draws closer to where Merlin is standing. “You’re lucky. I have an offer for you.”

Not wanting to appear weak, Merlin straightens his posture again, forcing himself to meet Arthur’s gaze.

It’s very sudden. One moment Arthur seems to be a sea away and the next he’s right in Merlin’s personal space. A package of some sort is shoved into his hands and Merlin’s too occupied with not dropping it to notice that Arthur’s face is drawing ever so closer.

He lets out a pathetically small squeak, muffled by Arthur’s lips over his. Arthur’s kisses mirrors his personality, dominating and conquering. He forces his tongue into Merlin’s mouth, lapping at every crevice as if to mark him, to own him.

The brutality of it makes Merlin’s knees go weak. All he can taste is that rich heady tobacco, dark and somehow sweet. The feeling of Arthur’s slick tongue plunging within him, making him breathless. He grips onto the package until his knuckles turn white.

When Arthur draws away he’s grinning fiendishly, amused at Merlin’s innocent reaction. It’s an expression that grates on Merlin’s nerves. Before he can say anything though, he’s shoved out of the room, falling into an unrefined heap at the door.

“Think it through, Merlin.” Arthur gives him one last arrogant smirk before clicking the door shut.

When Merlin gets home, cold and silence greet him. That's unfortunately normal. His mother is fast asleep, bone-weary from working as kitchen hand and cleaner for one of the hotels near their shabby home. With such a debt over their heads, essentials like heating and proper food seem to be such a frivolous expense.

Despite the fact that Merlin is alone, he doesn't open the package in the tiny living room. It's only when he's in the privacy of his pathetically small bedroom that he feels able to do so. It takes a while, but eventually he gathers enough courage to tear it open, jostling it so the content pours from the package and onto his cot.

There's a clinking noise followed by a soft thump.

Merlin pales at the contents. There's something else as well, a paper still within the package. His cheeks flush as he reads the set of instructions, an unpleasant sensation curdling within his belly. It's insane and very, very wrong. He should flat out refuse such an offer but...

His mother goes into a coughing fit. It's one of those bone-jarring coughing fits that sound painful and wet.

It tears at Merlin's heartstrings to hear his mother sound so ill. With a grim expression, he shovels the contents back into the package before quietly heading back into the living room, promptly turning on the heater.

It would've been easier to remain in Britain. America no longer feels like land of the free.

Arthur's impatience increases a fraction when the grandfather clock in the corner strikes at 8:45. Merlin isn't late, but neither is he here. The distraction is enough for Arthur's mind to wander. He's far too busy thinking of pale skin and of the night ahead to be focusing in the current issue at hand.

Currently, a heavily scarred man by the name of Edwin is on his knees, begging for a loan of fifteen thousand dollars.

Personally, Arthur doesn't know why he has to deal with this one loan. Usually something small like this is handled by someone lower down the chain of command.

"I can do anything," pleads Edwin. His expression contorts in desperation, but the scars on his face twist in an ugly fashion. It makes him look more grotesque than anything else. "I'm a physician. I'll give you my services in exchange for the money."

Arthur lights up another cigar, his gaze doesn't leave Edwin's face. Something's off. It must be so because the others feel it too. "What do you need the money for?" he asks after taking a puff of his cigar; the taste of tobacco, thick and rich rests pleasantly on his tongue..

“Gambling,” replies Edwin and it’s said a bit too fast, a bit too fluid. It’s enough to have the alarm bells ring at the back of Arthur’s mind.

“He’s a copper.”

It’s a controlled chaos from there. A scuffle occurs and pained yelps fill the room as Edwin cries out from the beating that he’s receiving. “I’m not a copper!” he screams out when Arthur’s men hold him up. His words are convincing, but his eyes, already beginning to swell, flicker ever so slightly. It’s a barely noticeable flicker, but it’s enough to show the doubt and insecurity.

Arthur trusts his gut; it’s never done him wrong before. Placing his cigar on the ashtray he pulls out the Colt .38 kept in his drawer. This isn’t something he enjoys but it’s something he must do, to protect those under his care and to ensure the safety of their group, to ensure that the organisation of Pendragon lives on.

“I’m not a cop! I’m not!” insists Edwin. He’s frantic now, struggling against the men that hold him.

“Look at my face!” he exclaims. “No one will hire me. How else am I to look for income?”

“I’d rather not risk it.” Expression grim, Arthur moves until he’s in front of Edwin, gun pointed at the man’s head.

This is the exact moment that Merlin chooses to arrive, face full of shock and horror that the sight before him.

Arthur expects Merlin to either faint like a woman or turn away and run, never to return.

He does neither.

“What are you doing?!?” he yells, eyes darting from the gun to Edwin. His mouth gapes open.

“You’re not going to kill him, are you?”

Arthur wants to do a lot of filthy things to that sweet mouth, but now isn’t the time. Rolling his eyes, he speaks in a long, mocking drawl. “Stating the obvious aren’t you, Merlin? Go wait outside. I’ll deal with you later.” He cocks the gun.

“What’s your reason?” demands Merlin. His eyes flash fiercely, jaw clenching firmly as his stance stiffens in an attempt to look intimidating. It’s adorable, like having a harmless puppy gnawing at your fingertips.

“Not that it’s any of your business, but he’s a pig.”

“Do you have any proof?”

Arthur lowers his gun and turns to fully face Merlin with an incredulous look. “You’re joking. Are you actually asking me? I don’t need proof.”

Merlin splutters. “You can’t kill someone at all, let alone without any proof!”

It becomes a staring competition — one that Arthur loses on purpose.

He’s kind enough to allow Merlin this one victory before taking everything away. “Find out where he lives,” he orders his men. “Any sign that he’s a copper... you know what to do.”

His men are faithful and they know not to ask questions, but it doesn’t stop them from giving him

a look of confusion. It's not usual to have Arthur change his mind, much less for a nobody like Merlin.

"Go," he repeats, enforcing his words with a harsh glare.

They say nothing as they drag a struggling Edwin out the door.

It's only Merlin and Arthur now.

Arthur returns to his desk, uncocking the gun and tossing it back into the drawer. He retrieves his cigar and takes another puff. "So? I take it that you're accepting my offer?" He takes off his suit jacket to reveal a dark navy pinstriped vest that hugs his shoulders, and a crisp blue shirt. The tie he wears, as always, is blood red. He's infamous for it, apparently.

It's unfair, for someone so cruel to have the face of an angel and the body of a Greek god.

"So..." Merlin bites his lip, the confidence from before leaking away at the rate of a faulty tap. "I only have to do this..." he trails off.

"Until I get bored." Arthur pulls out some papers from another drawer. It's a contract. "Trust me, Merlin. Technically, I'm grossly overpaying you for your services."

"That's all, right? You only want..." A rosy blush sprawls across sharp cheekbones. He can barely look Arthur in the eye. "*That*. Nothing else. I'm not going to be your slave or anything like that."

Arthur scoffs. "I don't think you're in any position to negotiate, but no. You'd be a useless manservant anyway." He flips the contract so that Merlin's able to read it. "Sign it."

Each step Merlin takes is full of hesitance. It's as if the ground beneath him is made of crumbly gravel rather than the expensive carpet it actually is. He doesn't sit down but instead leans over to sign the contract without reading it.

Arthur notices how slim and delicate those wrists are. "Not going to read it?" Arthur muses, not sure whether to respect or marvel at such a senseless and stupid action. Perhaps he feels a bit of both.

Merlin frowns. "You have me between a rock and a hard place. It's not as if I can say no."

Technically he can, but Arthur doesn't say anything. He just pulls the contract back, slipping it into his drawer where the gun resides. With the business aspect done he leans back in his chair. His relaxing posture oozes arrogance, one worthy of a king. "Go on then," he makes a flippant gesture. "Strip."

It's endearing in a way, watching as Merlin bites onto his lower lip. The woollen trench coat he's wearing engulfs him, hugs at his lithe form, showing everything yet revealing nothing.

Merlin's hands travel slowly to unclasp the belt at his waist. His pale fingers flicker upwards to undo the buttons. It's done at such a slow pace that some would think him to be teasing. Arthur knows better. He sees the barely-there tremor in Merlin's fingers, the liquid distress that makes those eyes glisten.

The last button pops through the slit. A resonating 'thump' echoes through the room as the heavy fabric falls to the floor.

His hands clench, as if gathering ropes of courage, before undoing his trousers, allowing them to

follow his coat.

The way the weak lamp creates a stark contrast of fluttering shadows over pale skin, spilling over sharp cheekbones and tapered hips. Slim fingers spread wide, fruitlessly attempting to cover up his crotch.

What Arthur notices most though, what enraptures him completely, are the ebony silk stockings that envelop those gangly legs, the garter belt that rests on his sharp hips. Those simple suspenders, made of inky lace connect them together, completing the image. And the collar, dear mother of god, it wasn't, couldn't be possible to have something look so utterly perfect. It's slightly too large, resting along the nape slightly rather than hugging Merlin's slender neck. The tiny metal tag- vibrantly red- clashes against the supple black leather.

It's decadently sinful

"You're a sick pervert," grits out Merlin, the flush on his face spreading down towards his chest.

Arthur's sharp intake of breath hisses in time with the sound of his cigar being harshly snuffed out. "You can't talk to me like that." Slouching further down in his seat, he splays his legs open.

"Well come on then, *Merlin*." He doesn't say anything after, just points at the space between his legs and snaps his fingers.

Merlin feels the hot flush of humiliation sprawl across his face. It makes him grit his teeth, bite on his lower lip viciously. It feels as if the walk to Arthur takes forty days and forty nights but in actuality it's a measly five steps. He settles into the space of Arthur's legs. The plush carpet and silk acts as a thin barrier, cushioning Merlin's knees. He shifts a tad, trying to be comfortable in a situation that clearly isn't.

Arthur fumbles with the button of his trousers, undoing them and reaching within to pull out his erection. It's thick and hard, standing stiff and looking absolutely intimidating against the folds of fabric.

Merlin hates the fact that his mouth waters ever so slightly. He places his hands on Arthur's knees, travelling upwards at a snail's pace.

"Come on *Merlin*," drawls Arthur, "Stop dilly-dallying." Then, because he was *that* much of a jerk, he flicks at the tag, making it clink against the d-ring.

Merlin glares. He hates it — the way Arthur says his name, tone oozing arrogance. He tightens his grip, nervous. Merlin leans forward; close enough to feel the heat of Arthur's cock. The first lick is slow and cautious, tongue sliding over heated velvet. He laps at the head, swirling his tongue. It gets easier, his ministrations more confident as he lavishes attention on Arthur's cock. Becoming bolder, Merlin attempts to take Arthur in his mouth. He sucks, making his mouth wet as he swallows. The weight of the cock in his mouth is enough to make Merlin's own twitch to life.

Arthur's breath hitches. It's marvelous. He reaches down to trace Merlin's cheekbones, down to those lips, pink as they are, wrapped around his cock. "Shit," he groans, sinking deeper into his seat as his fingers move to tangle themselves in a mess of silky ebony hair.

Merlin moans a bit, but continues on. It's as if he sees it as a challenge, seeing how much he can swallow before it chokes him. It's tricky, taking in so much but eventually he gets there. He chokes slightly, nose nestling in a bed of blond pubic hair before he draws back, gasping for breath.

He does it again; only it's easier this time.

“Your mouth,” moans Arthur, raptured. “Your gorgeous mouth.”

Merlin doesn’t say anything. He doesn’t even stop, just bobs his head up and down as he places more effort into his cocksucking.

It’s good, thinks Arthur as he plays with Merlin’s hair. Too good, he realises. His grip then becomes hard, pushing down so that Merlin’s pressed against his hip. He chokes; Arthur can feel the way those throat muscles ripple. He keeps Merlin there, letting him struggle and choke just a bit.

Merlin pinches at Arthur’s thigh, fist thumping violently.

Arthur keeps Merlin there for a second longer before pulling him off.

“Prat!” Merlin spits out as he pants in heavy breaths, gasping for some much-needed air.

“You’ve done this before,” states Arthur and he tightens his grip.

Merlin hisses at the sharp pain. “So what if I have?”

“Who?” demands Arthur. The roiling jealousy that tears at him is so new he’s swept off his feet by the rawness of it.

Merlin says nothing, but he conveys his insults and displeasure through his gaze.

“Who,” he speaks in the same ruthless tone that he uses when ordering a hit.

It’s clear that Merlin knows this as well because he gulps silently. “A childhood friend,” he rasps out reluctantly. “A long time ago.”

Arthur drags Merlin until they’re both standing up. One hand remains firmly tangled in Merlin’s hair but the other travels down to cup at Merlin’s tight arse. “No other man is allowed to touch you from now on,” he growls.

Merlin yelps when Arthur bends down to bite down at his shoulders. Hard. “You’re insane!”

Arthur hums nonchalantly. He releases the sore flesh, soothing it with his tongue. “I don’t share.”

“*Mad*,” snarls Merlin. He’s suddenly thrown over the desk, landing on papers as his free limbs knock over piles of paper and stationery.

“Careful, *darling*.” Arthur drags his hands down Merlin’s chest, down lower to grip at his legs. He pulls Merlin so one leg is perched over his shoulder whilst the other remains hanging off the desk. “I’ve been trained to kill since birth.”

“You’re a clotpole.” Merlin watches, wary as Arthur traces his fingers over stocking clad legs. The touch is slow, pondering as they graze along the fine silk. He turns his head, kissing Merlin’s ankle in a strangely gentle manner.

The tiny sound of something being torn fills the room. Merlin looks up to see Arthur plucking at the silk, pulling until it gives way and tears, forming a hole that reveals pale shaved skin.

“Oi!” Merlin tries to free himself, but Arthur tightens his grip until he stills. “Have you any idea how expensive those are?”

Arthur rolls his eyes. “Not enough.” His fingers trail higher up slightly before making another tear.

“Then you better provide them next time,” grumbles Merlin.

He’s getting off on it, notices Merlin as Arthur continues to ruin the stockings. His expression is blank, as if he’s in a mindset that so far away. Arthur’s other hand remains on Merlin’s hip, caressing and fondling the belt of frilly black lace that rests on sharp hipbones.

Pluck. Tear. Rip. The holes vary in size and distance but Arthur keeps on going till Merlin’s stockings are so torn they look more like netting. Eventually Arthur reaches the lace hem. He pulls the garter strap taut before releasing it.

The whole time he does this, he’s rutting minutely against Merlin’s panty-clad ass.

Merlin groans, bucking up his hips when Arthur finally touches his cock.

“Have you done this before?” asks Arthur as he sets Merlin’s leg down; using two hands he rips at the flimsy panties.

“N-no.” Merlin shivers, watching as his penis strains upwards. He feels the slick finger that traces the rim of his sphincter. He doesn’t even know how or when Arthur was able to do that.

“Going to rip up your ass-cherry, *darling*.” Arthur drawls with a smirk before leaning over, face in the crook of Merlin’s neck. “Never had sex,” he teased, “Don’t even smoke. Not a proper man.”

“You’re not one either, you know? You’re a pillock, an absolute pill-” Merlin’s breath is taken away and he bites onto his lip, eyes clenching shut as Arthur slicks up his finger and penetrates him.

“You should feel special, Merlin.” Arthur’s finger sinks in to the last knuckle. He nips at Merlin’s overly large ears. “I could be a monster.” He adds another finger, causing Merlin to hiss. “I could make you cry and hurt.” Then, as if to prove his point, with his free hand he harshly pinches at Merlin’s nipple.

Merlin yelps, still hard. It feels strange; having those fingers stretch him, prod him from within. “But you’re not.”

Arthur just hums, suckling at the lobe of Merlin’s ear before nuzzling his neck. “There’s just something about you.”

The third finger enters him. Merlin shivers as the pain spikes up. Then it dawns on him; that Arthur’s three fingers have nothing on his cock. His anxiety crawls up on him, making him tense.

Arthur seems to have notice because his touch becomes rougher, fingers spreading and seeking for... for something. He finds it because Merlin’s eyes snap open as pleasure wracks his frame.

“W-what is that?” he moans, writhing as Arthur continues his onslaught. His cock dribbles with pre-come. He’s so blank with pleasure he barely notices when Arthur takes his fingers away and slicks up his straining erection.

Arthur holds Merlin down with one hand, using the other to guide his straining cock to Merlin’s tight orifice.

“A-Arthur,” whimpers Merlin when the head slips in. He doesn’t notice that it’s the first time he’s used Arthur’s name. Hands that were once grasping at the edge of the desk now come up to wrap around Arthur’s broad back.

Arthur's cock sinks in another thick inch.

"Oh god." Too much, too full; tears well in his eyes.

Another inch. Arthur huffs, bending down to nip at Merlin's nipples, teasing them with his lips, his mouth and with his tongue till they're sore and tight. He blows on them, cooling before engulfing them once again. His hands linger, caressing Merlin's hips, his chest and legs, everywhere.

It's enough to distract Merlin, long enough to allow Arthur to sink all the way into Merlin's clenching heat.

Arthur tries to move but Merlin wraps his legs around Arthur's tapered waist and he can't help the wet sob at the back of his throat.

They must be such a sight. Arthur's still dressed, not even a single hair out of place save for the open fly that reveals their joining bodies. Merlin on the other hand is debauched, dressed in the tattered ruins of what used to be women's clothing. His cock is rigid, dripping pre-come onto his stomach and soiling the garter belt.

Arthur can't move, can't pull back so he ruts against Merlin's arse instead.

Merlin turns, trying to make Arthur stop the delicious torture being inflicted on his nipples.

Arthur withdraws the same time he stands upright.

"Oh god," Merlin keens when the rigid cock enters him again.

Arthur pulls out and snaps his hips forward, loving the hitching noises that escape those lips.
"Don't be such a cry-baby."

"You try being sodomised!" Merlin gasps when the next few thrusts don't hurt as much; in fact, they almost feel good.

"You'll beg for it soon enough," utters Arthur between thrusts. "I'll make you gag for it."

The next thrust hits *that* spot and Merlin practically wails his pleasure. Damn him, damn Arthur for being such a conceited prat of a man. Damn him for being right.

Soon enough Merlin met Arthur's thrusts with his own, wanting more of that now-enticing friction. He so badly wants to reach for his own cock, to take it into his hands and jerk off but Arthur's grip around his wrists makes him feel as if he's chained, bound by flesh. Then Arthur suddenly pulls out and Merlin doesn't know what's happening until he's being manhandled, dragged to the floor and being forced to rest on all fours, ass up in the air and head pushed down like a bitch in heat.

Merlin's only dimly aware of the fact that the tag on the bloody collar has been chiming the whole time.

It's worth the humiliation because when Arthur slips in, he sinks in deeper than before and every thrust proceeds to graze that spot within Merlin that has him dripping obscenely onto the carpet. Arthur, heavy in his panting, picks up the pace, becomes more frantic as he nears his completion.

Then he comes, cursing violently as he spills his seed inside Merlin's hole. He pumps in and out languidly, casually reaching for Merlin's cock. Merlin cries out in shock when he comes the moment Arthur touches him. It takes his breath away and all he can do is shiver, shuddering

violently as pleasure wracks his form in waves.

Arthur allows Merlin's rippling muscles to milk him dry, only pulling out when his dick is flaccid and spent. Merlin falls to the carpet in a boneless heap the moment Arthur pulls out.

Exhausted, Merlin can only lie there and pant. The musky scent of sex comes to him, sliding over him in a breeze that makes him realise how much he's been sweating, how lewd he is.

A tiny, barely acknowledged part within him *loves* it.

When Arthur catches his breath, he buttons up his fly and scoops Merlin up, tossing him over his shoulder as if Merlin is nothing more than a sack of potatoes. "What are you doing?" Merlin squirms, trying to free himself, but his limbs feel like jelly, loose and useless.

Arthur doesn't say anything, just makes his way to the door to his office and flings it open.

He saunters into the corridor, his gait that of a world-ruling prince.

Merlin's still filthy and exposed. He tries to kick up a fuss, tries to cover himself but nothing works so all he can do is bunch his fists into Arthur's vest, digging his head and ignoring the lewd catcalls and perverted eyes of any onlookers. What's worse, is that any movement that's a tad too sudden causes the come within him to ooze out and down his stocking covered thighs. It's utterly mortifying but he knows why Arthur is doing this. He's showing *everyone* and *anyone* that Merlin is his, bought and owned.

Even if that's true, it's not something that Merlin is just going to accept. "You clotpole!" he growls, twisting and turning. "Let me go!" He struggles the whole way, ignoring the ever-tightening grip around his waist.

They reach a door that reveals a huge bedroom. It's obviously Arthur's bedroom because all Merlin can see is red. Arthur tosses him onto the bed and Merlin struggles to sit up, his clumsy limbs getting caught up in the satin sheets. He looks up at Arthur with wide questioning eyes.

It's cute, thinks Arthur, how he looks like a fawn caught in a trap and Arthur feels like the treacherous wolf that will devour him whole.

"What?" Arthur loosens his tie, pulling at it until it unknots and falls silently to the floor. "I'm not bored yet."

End Notes

The gun mentioned in the fic is the Colt Official Police .38... Thank you to the many members on chat who helped me out and held my hand whilst I ~~cried like a little bitch..~~
Er... whilst I wrote this fic :3